

THE  
**RECANTATION**  
 Of a Penitent  
**PROTEUS**  
 Or the  
**CHANGLING,**

AS It was Acted with good Applause in St. *Maries* in *Cambridge*, and St. *Pauls* in *London*, 1663.

To the Tune of Doctor Faustus.

**A**ttend good people, lay by scoffs and scorns,  
 Let *Roundheads* all this day pull in their horns,  
 But let *Conformists* and brave *Cavaliers*  
 Unto my doleful Tone prick up their Ears.  
 Take from my neck this Robe, a Rope's more fit,  
 And turn the *Surplice* to a *Penance-Sheet*,  
 This Pulpit is too good to act my part,  
 More fit to preach at *Tyburn* in a Cart:  
 There I deserv'd t'have taken my degree,  
 And Doctor *Dun* should have presented me,  
 There with an hempen-hood I should be sped,  
 And his three-cornered Cap should crown my head.  
 Here I am come to hold up guilty hand,  
 And of the *Beast* to give myself the Brand,  
 Here by confessing I have been i'th wrong,  
 I come to bore my self through my own Tongue.  
 In learning my poor Parents brought up me,  
 And sent me to the University,  
 There I soon found bowing the way to rise:  
 And th'only *Logick* was the *Fallacies*.  
 In Read of *Aristotles Organon*,  
 Anthems and Organs I did study on,  
 If I could play on them, I soon did find,  
 I rightly had preferment in the Wind,  
 I followed that hot sent without controul,  
 I bow'd my body, and I sung *Fa Sol*;  
 I cozen'd Doctor Couzens, and e're long  
 A Fellowship obtained For a Song.  
 Then by degrees I clim'd until I got  
 Good friends, good Cloths, good Commons, and what not  
 I got so long, until at length I got  
 A *Wench with Child*, and then I got a Blot.  
 Before the *Confistorie* I was try'd,  
 Where like a Villaine I both swore and ly'd,  
 And from the Whore I made, I was made free,  
 By purging of my self incontinent LEE.  
 But as I scorn'd to Father mine one Brat,  
 'T was done to me as I had done with That.  
 The Doctors all when a Doctor I would be,  
 As a base Son, refus'd to Father me,  
 With much adoe, at length by art and cunning,  
 My Tears and Vows prevail'd with *Peter Gunning*,  
 Me to adopt and for his love and care,  
 I will devout my self to *Peter's Chaire*.  
*Cambridge* I left with greif and great disgrace,  
 To seek my fortune in some other place;  
 And that I might the better save my stake,  
 I took an Order and did Orders take.  
 Amongst *Conformists* I my self did list  
 A Son o'th Church as good as ever pit.  
 But though I bow'd, and cring'd, and crost and all,  
 I only got a Vicaridge very small.  
 E're I was warm (and warm I ne're had been  
 In such a starved hole as I was in)  
 A fire upon the Church and Kingdom came;  
 Which I strait help't to blow into a flame.

The Second Part.

**M**Y Conscience first like *Balaams Ass*, was shie,  
 Boggled, and winc'd, which when I did espie;  
 I cudgel'd her, and spur'd her on each side,  
 Until the Jade her paces all could ride.  
 When first I mounted on her tender Back  
 She would not leave the Protestant dull Rack,  
 Till in her Mouth the *Covenant Bite* I got,  
 And made her learn the *Presbyterian Trot*.  
 'T was an hard Trot, and fretted her (alas  
 The Independent) A nble easier was,  
 It taught her that, and out of that to fall  
 To the *Tamboy of Prelatical*.

I rode her once to *Rumford* with a pack  
 Of Arguments for Covenant on her back.  
 That Journey she perform'd at such a rate  
 The Committee gave me a rich peice of Place.  
 From *Hatfield* to St. *Albans* I did ride,  
 The Army cal'd for me to be their Guide,  
 There I so spur'd her that I made her fling  
 Not only dirt but blood upon my King.  
 When *Cromwell* turn'd his Masters out by force;  
 I made the *Beast* draw like a *Brewers horse*,  
 Under the *Rump* I made her were a *Crooper*,  
 And under *Lambert* she became a *Trooper*.  
 When Noble *Monk* the King did home convey,  
 Shee (like *Darius* speed began to Neigh.  
 I taught her since to Organ Pipes to Prance,  
 As *Banckes* his Horse could to a fiddle dance,  
 Now with a Snaffle or a Twyned Thred  
 To any Government shee'l turn her head  
 I have so broke her she doth never start,  
 And thats the meaning of my broken heart.  
 I have found out a cunning way with ease  
 To make her cast her Coat when e're I please;  
 And if at Rack and Manger she may be,  
 Her Colts Tooth Shee will keep most wanton-LEE.  
 He change as often as the *Man* i'th Moon;  
 His frequent Changing makes him rise so soon,  
 To eat Church *Plum-broth* e're it all be gone,  
 He have the Devils spoon but he have One.  
 For many years my Tongue did lick the *Rump*;  
 But when I saw a King was turn up *Trump*,  
 I did resolve still in my hand to have  
 One winning Card, although 'twere but a *Knave*.  
 If the great Turk to *England* come, I can  
 Make Gospel truckle to the *Alchoran*;  
 And if their *Turkish Saboaths* should take place,  
 I have in readines my *Friday Face*.  
 If lockt in Iron Chest (as we are told)  
 A Loadstone their great *Mahomet* can hold:  
 The Loadstone of preferment (I prelage)  
 To *Mahomet* may draw this Iron Age.  
 The Congregation way best pleas'd my mind;  
 There were most *Shoes*, and they most free and kind.  
 By Chamber practise I did better thrive;  
 Then all my livings though I Skimmed five.  
 Mine eyes are open now my sins to see,  
 With tears I cry Good people pardon me,  
 My Reverend Fathers pardon I do crave,  
 And hope my Mothers blessing yet to have.  
 My *Cambridge* sins, my *Bugden* sins are vile,  
 My *Essex* sins, my sins in *Ely-Isle*,  
 My *Leicester* sins, my *Hatfield* sins are many,  
 But my St. *Albans* sins more red then any.  
 To *CHARLES* the first I was a bloody Foe,  
 I wish I do not serve the second so,  
 The onely way to make me leave that trick,  
 Is to bestow on me a *Bishoprick*.  
 This is St. *Andrews Eve* and for his sake  
 A *Bishoprick* in *Scotland* I could take;  
 And though a *Metropolitan* there be;  
 I'de be as *Sharpe* and full as *Arch* as he.  
 Now may this Sermon never be forgot,  
 Let others call't a Sermon, I a Plot,  
 A Plot that takes it if believed be,  
 If not I shall repent unfeigned LEE  
 I must desire the Crack-fart of the Nation,  
 With Reverence to let fly this Recantation,  
 Our Names ty'd taile to taile make a sweet Change  
 Mine onely is *Strange Lee*, and his *Le-Strange*.

FINIS.